

## HOME NEWS

A DEER pursued by dogs ran to Mr. A. Lawson's house, near Mingo, and was killed by Mr. W. B. Ricketts, of Marlinton, and Mr. George Tompkins, of Mingo.

THE return football match between the Mingo and Elk teams will be played Saturday, November 16th, at Jim Gibson's place on Elk, play commencing at 2 P. M. There will be hair-raising features in the game. Come out and see it!

CHARLES BEARD, Esq., of Academy, killed a good-sized cub bear last Friday, in the mountains west of Hillsboro. He has a fine pack of hounds, and they chased other bears all day but failed to tree any others.

THE annual harvest of wild turkeys has begun. Two horses loaded down with the finest of their kind were to be seen on the streets of Academy, being brought to market by hunters who had killed them from the basest of motives—money.

LETOHER McLAUGHLIN was thrown from his horse, last week, that came near resulting seriously. He fell upon a rock, and his right hip joint was badly bruised. He is now about well, and is moving around, getting ready for camp duties.

MR EWING McLAUGHLIN, of Highland, was in Marlinton last week. He was in company with Mr. Dixon, the merchant and postmaster at Trimble, in lower Highland. Mr. Dixon's grandfather served as an artillery officer in the battle of Waterloo, and his father was an artillery officer in the Crimean War, and is now on the retired list in England.

AS AN example of a prosperous family, that of Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, near Dunimore, is deserving of complimentary mention. There are six sons and five daughters. Two of the daughters are popular teachers, and five of the sons are in the camps ranking with first-class woodsmen. All are saving their earnings and placing the money where it will do the most good for their parents and themselves.

Judge C. Forest Moore, lately of Alleghany County, Virginia, now of the Clergy of the M. E. Church, South, and located at Piedmont, West Virginia, was married at Gordonsville, Virginia, on October 30th, to a Miss Slaughter. Judge Moore's first wife, who was a Miss Beard, of Pocahontas County, this State, died at Clifton Forge on July 10, 1894.—*Monroe Watchman.*

MESSRS. Austin Lightner and James Carpenter found a bushel and a half of choice hickory-nuts stored away in a tree by a "ferrydiddle." This is regarded as an omen of a long, hard winter by the weather-wise. James Carpenter has been very successful in hunting squirrels in the forests adjacent to Green Bank. He has brought in one hundred and six squirrels, and shot "ferrydiddles" without counting them. These "ferrydiddles" are said to be very hostile to the gray squirrels, and will drive them away.

THE recent evangelistic services near Green Bank resulted in fifty additions to Liberty Church, and quite a number to the other churches in the vicinity that kindly co-operated. An interesting feature of the closing exercises was a display of stereopticon views of Scriptural scenes and incidents, accompanied by remarks explaining and impressing the lessons to be learned therefrom. There was no admittance fee required. At a recent congregational meeting, the Rev. G. W. Nickel, of Monroe County, was called to the pastoral charge of Liberty Church.

A GOOD tale is to be told about a certain boarding school for girls in West Virginia. A young boy from the country had come to visit his sister, and, not being familiar with door-bells, his mother had thought it expedient to tell him to be sure and ring the bell when he got to the school. He arrived and the door was open. He looked for the bell, as he was duty-bound to, and the only bell he could see was an ordinary dinner-bell sitting on a piano in the hall. This bell he took up and began to ring with great vigor. As it happened, this bell was used by one of the teachers to assemble the girl boarders in the hall, and in a very few seconds the poor boy was surrounded by half a hundred girls, who were all smiling and pleased except the boy's sister, who was so mortified that she cried. The narrator of this true incident leaves the unfortunate youth still ringing the bell, with the girls pouring out of every nook and cranny, like the rats did to the playing of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

A LION eagle has been seen often of late on the hill west of town apparently on a chicken hunt.

THE Pocahontas Literary Society had a public meeting on last Friday evening. The question for debate, decided in the affirmative by a rising vote of the audience of nineteen to sixteen, was, resolved: that the lumbering industry has been an injury to the county. The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. John Murphy and Hassel Walton; negative, Will McLaughlin and Orin Slavin. The program was enlivened with music and declamations by various members of the club. The society proposes to give a public meeting once each month, which no doubt will be vastly appreciated in the dull months of winter when excitement runs low.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. A. G. Burrows, of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, is visiting relatives in Kingsville, Womelsdorf, and Monroe.—*Tygart's Valley News.*

William L. Kee, of West Virginia, who was given an appointment at the Land Office at the beginning of the administration, but lost it through the reorganization recommended by the Dockery Commission, has just obtained another place in the land office at a salary of \$2,000 per year.—*Register.*

Mrs. Susan Carter moved to the farm near Huntersville lately vacated by Mr. B. M. Yeager, who has moved to Marlinton.

Mr. Crammett and bride, of Monterey, is visiting his brother in Marlinton.

Miss Gertrude Ricketts visited her brother, Mr. W. B. Ricketts, for a few days this week. She returns to England this month.

Miss Mary McLaughlin, who has been visiting in Hendricks, expects to return home this week.

Captain J. W. Marshall, who has been in Marlinton for some weeks, has returned home.

Andrew Price is in Charleston in attendance as a juror on the United States Court.

### The Musical Association.

The recent sessions of the Pocahontas Musical Association, at Bethel Church, on the 8th and 9th of November, were largely attended and were quite entertaining. Professor George C. Moore presided and Professor H. L. White was Secretary.

The singing exercises were conducted by Professors I. Waugh, J. Roake, O. B. Sharp, Bradley Sharp, M. Carter, M. A. Friel, C. B. Swecker, and others whose names we failed to learn.

The hospitality of the people was unstinted, and taken altogether, it was a social event that would do honor to any community. In the past five years, the improvement in tone, movement, and general rendition of the melodies is very marked indeed, and gives promise of better things to follow.

Two deceased members, Willie Hogsett and Samuel Sharp, were honored with appropriate memorial resolutions, offered by a committee of which the venerable Morgan Grimes was Chairman.

The reports offered by the various leaders to supervise singing associations in their respective districts, indicated increasing interest on the part of young and old over the greater part of the county in sacred music. The districts assigned to Messrs. Swecker, Moore, Waugh, and Friel were very enthusiastic in the cause.

### An Autumnal Journey.

In *The Christian Intelligencer*, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster writes as follows of her recent visit to Pocahontas County:

Leaving our bustling city on an F. F. V. train at five o'clock, one goes to sleep in peace and as much comfort as is possible on a car, and finds herself next morning amid new scenes, and in a tranquil pastoral atmosphere, as opposite as may be imagined to that which environs a dweller in this metropolis of fashion and commerce, New York. Stepping from the train to receive a cordial and warmly sincere greeting from our waiting friend, we, who took a recent trip to Arcady in October, were presently driving over a country road to an objective point nearly fifty miles distant. We were interested as we skirted the old town of Lewisburg to catch a glimpse of its old stone church, erected in 1796, "at the expense of a few of the first inhabitants of this land, to commemorate their affection and esteem for the holy Gospel of Jesus Christ." Here, for sixty consecutive years, the Rev. Dr. John McElhenny lived and labored, and it is fitting that the God's Acre beside its walls should hold his dust. The granddaughter, whose pious

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care has treasured in a graceful memorial volume the recollections of the faithful servant of God, gives many pleasant pictures of the Lewisburg pastorage; incidents are graphically described and the familiar life of the manse depicted with a loving pen. She says: "The personage was old when I first knew it. The paint had long since disappeared from the window frames, and the bricks in the west end glistened like glass in the evening sun. Snowballs and cinnamon roses bloomed under the high deep embrasured windows. The sweet-brier and honeysuckle clambered over the front door. Old-fashioned flowers bloomed in the garden walks. The yard was shaded by fine old oaks and hickories. A green rocky lane led up to the gate. The house stood on the crest of the slope, open to all the winds that blew. The breeze swept directly across from the mountain, the low hills crowded the horizon, the town nestled at its feet. It was known as Mount Esperance."

I have lingered over the pages of this biography with the greater enjoyment that I have just trodden the paths over which the old minister so often rode to keep his various engagements; of weddings and funerals, of preachings at distant points, of visitations of the sick, and kindness to the stranger, the book is a simple and touching record. Once, when Dr. McElhenny had grown old, a few "advanced spirits" betrayed some impatience, and ventured to express the sentiment familiar enough in our ears now that "a young man" might do better for the church. Miss Rose Fry's account of this affair is very entertaining: "The people rose en masse, and declared that they would have none other in his place to rule over them. A congregational meeting being called to decide the matter, it was no surprise that the hills and valleys, the mountains and plains gave up long strings of home-clad men and sun-bonneted women, who gave a unanimous voice in favor of retaining their beloved pastor. The pibroch sounded and from the Meadows and the Richlands, from Frankford and Brushy Ridge, from the Blue Sulphur and Fort Spring, from the Irish Corner and Kenick's Valley, from Edgar's Mill and the Coffeman Settlement, from Greenbrier Bridge and the northern neck of the county, they came pouring in. The clans are coming, some walking, others on horseback, and yet others in wagons and carriages. They rally round their chief. The stone church is filled to overflowing. The Moderator puts the question, 'All in favor of sustaining Dr. McElhenny will signify it by holding up their right hands.' The hands fly up like a cloud of locusts."

Nothing more was heard from the minority, and the venerable pastor finished his course among his people with joy and honor. Leaving Lewisburg we had our first glimpse of a beautiful West Virginia home, when turning from the highway our kindest of escorts took us to the ample farmstead of his kinsmen, where we had been invited to dine. There a sweet, matronly woman with fair daughters and gracious sons met and welcomed us as though she had known us all our lives long, feasted us on omeared chicken, snowy biscuits, delicious fruit and fragrant coffee, and entreated us most hospitably to stay over night.

Her husband coming from a journey to a remote corner of his great grazing farm, seconded her invitation, but we felt that we must pass on, and said good-by regretfully. The same sweet, open-handed, open-hearted hospitality met and greeted us everywhere in Pocahontas County.

Presbyterianism is strong and steady here, and the population are honest, God-fearing and staunch as the mountains that hem them round. One finds no home without its family altar.

Marlinton, the shire town of Pocahontas County, is waiting for the railroad to bring it into closer communication with the rest of the world. Meanwhile it is a busy, growing place, with a spacious and beautiful court house, two weekly newspapers, and a daily mail. The latter is brought over the mountains on horseback or in a wagon by several changes and relays from the nearest railroad station, which is 46 miles off. The Rev. Wm. T. Price preaches at Marlinton, and ministers to a scattered congregation beyond its borders, riding many miles to meet his people, who cannot all come to the Marlinton church.

Sitting together one day in the little home under the hill, we saw at the stile a pair who had come to be married. The man, a tall, slim mountaineer, walked beside a horse on which a lady was seated, and which also bore a bag of meal. He helped the bride to alight, they came into the parlor, asked for the preacher, the simple ceremony was soon over, and the two departed. The woman had already on her face the grave, resigned, and patient look which most women wear amid these hills, where life is not easy to women. There was a simple dignity about the man, although he wore his hat throughout the ceremony, doffing it only during the prayer. My hostess explained that he was accustomed always to keeping on his hat, and would not have known what else to do with it than retain it on his head.

One day among these scenes stands vividly in mind, a long drive over the mountains, 3500 feet at times above the sea level, thro Pocahontas and Bath counties to the Virginia Hot Springs. The way was enlivened by the conversation of a friend who knew the mountains well, and told us many interesting bits of legend and incident, pointing out to us the haunts of those mysterious people, the sang-diggers, who are not unlike gypsies in their queer outdoor life. But the glory of the hills, rising fortress-like against the sky, clothed with trees in their brightest colors, the grassy plains, the nestling vales, needs an artist's brush, not a cold pen, to describe. We forded creeks and rivers, we saw a mail carrier plashing thro one deep ford on horseback, his saddle-bags crammed with letters and papers; we passed and saluted families on horseback, sometimes the mother and two children on one horse; a barefooted boy begged a seat in our carriage that he thus might be aided over his mile's walk to school; we stopped for dinner at an inn, which, before the war, was a stately mansion, where old Virginia traditions of gayety and hospitality abide, and an hour before dusk we reached the Hot Springs, of which I will write at another time.

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